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## **A POOR MAN'S RICHES**



# **A POOR MAN'S RICHES**

**A BUNDLE OF LYRICS**

**BY**

**CHARLES DALMON**

**METHUEN & CO. LTD.  
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.  
LONDON**

*First Published in 1922*

WITH THE LOVE OF A LIFETIME

I DEDICATE MY POEMS

TO

CHANCTONBURY

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL

OF ALL

THE DOWNS





## FOREWORD

WRITING in 1914, the late Edward Thomas said of Charles Dalmon, who was then known as the author of three or four volumes of poetry :

“ It is rumoured that Mr. Charles Dalmon is still alive. For the sake of those who do not know that such a man was born, I must premise that he was, some time last century, at Old Shoreham, in Sussex. He claimed descent from William Damon, lute player to Queen Elizabeth, organist of her Majesty’s chapel, and the first of English composers to set the Psalms of David in the vernacular to part music. On his mother’s side he was descended from the Vinings of Somersetshire, a

family that had manorial rights before the Parliament wars against King Charles. He also asserted that he had Romany blood in his veins. He worshipped Tennyson ; and he discovered himself. Tennyson made a beautiful remark to him : ‘ *How can there be failure, if the divine speak through the human, be it through the voice of prince or peasant ?* ’

“ Before Mr. Belloc and Mr. Kipling, Mr. Dalmon was a Sussex poet. Mr. E. V. Lucas, in *Highways and Byways in Sussex*, quotes from one of his poems ; and lyrics from his pen are included in some half-dozen anthologies. He saw strange visions. For example, he saw Cupid and two or three other gods down in Sussex ; and even in Chiswick he knew a dryad. She haunted a mulberry tree in an old garden. . . .

“ Not content to give England some of the attributes of Arcady, he enriched Arcady with the birds and flowers, and some of the sweetest place-names of England, particularly of the Weald and

the Downs. While Cupid walked between  
his lovers,

‘The goldfinches sang in the sloe trees.’

This combination is one of his chief characteristics. In one of his drinking songs he bids the host to put rose-leaves in the beer. He delights to picture Pan at the Epiphany. Christ, the gods, and the faeries keep company in his books. In his day there were milkmaids in England, and one named Phyllis. His poem called ‘Milking-Time at a Wealden Farm,’ where she is mentioned, is one of the most perfect examples of Mr. Dalmon’s mingling of what is rustic with what is pastoral and literary. The feeling is Arcadian, the detail English. The last verse [see page 68] really seems to prove that Mr. Dalmon knew what he was talking about when he used the word ‘faery.’ In his day, too, it was possible to flatter a beautiful lady by saying that when she came into her garden on a grey day the sunflowers turned towards her, and although I don’t believe they

did, I would rather Mr. Dalmon told the lie than anyone else born since Waterloo."

To the foregoing it may be added that Mr. Dalmon is at the present time (1922) living in London; and that the present volume contains poems both old and new.

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## **A POOR MAN'S RICHES**



## DEW ON THE DOWNS

**W**HEN we are fast asleep,  
Do pitying angels fly  
Low down the sky  
And weep?

For they must see, each day,  
How, for the devil's toys,  
We throw God's joys  
Away—

Must see, from Heaven above,  
How we, in lust and greed,  
Pay little heed  
To Love,

And through our lives forgo  
All that would bring more near  
God's Kingdom here  
Below.

This knowing, hid from sight  
While we are fast asleep,  
They may so weep  
All night,

That when the dawn appears,  
Trees, flowers, and grass are set  
All glistening wet  
With tears.

## JOY ON BEACHY HEAD

I STOOD one day on Beachy Head,  
When no one else was near,  
And shouted, with my arms outspread,  
“*Dear God, I’m glad I’m here !*”

And, where the gulls went squealing round  
On their unfailing wings,  
I knelt and kissed the holy ground,  
So sweet with thyme and things.

And then I laughed with all my might,  
So filled I was with joy—  
As filled with innocent delight  
As when I was a boy ;

As when it was my whim to chase  
New swallows flying low,  
Or dig for pig-nuts in some place  
Where hares flopped to and fro,

Or poke a day-struck owl, and snap  
Dry twigs to make him stare,  
Or set bright glowworms in my cap  
At Thakeham Cherry Fair !

## WISTARIA BLOSSOMS

**I** SEE them on my trellises and walls  
And straightway dream of distant  
waterfalls ;  
But when to distant waterfalls I roam  
I dream of my wistarias at home.



## THE ANCIENT FAITH

O NEVER say that Pan is dead,  
And every nymph and satyr fled,  
Though, in these days of faithless pride,  
Men seldom seek the countryside  
On simple pilgrimage to find  
The magic pipes Pan leaves behind !

I saw a cherry tree in flower,  
All radiant from a passing shower ;  
Against the deep blue sky it shone,  
Most beautiful to look upon :  
And from the midst of that fair tree  
A dryad leaned and smiled to me.

No mortal maid was ever seen  
So lovely as that cherry queen !  
Hers was the face that sometimes looks  
From pages of enchanted books  
Where loving workmanship portrays  
The beautiful of bygone days.

And if you doubt all ancient lore,  
And say that satyrs are no more,  
There's many a Sussex croft will show  
The marks that, even children know,  
Are made upon the grassy ground  
By faeries dancing round and round.

O never say that Pan is dead !  
But listen for his pipes instead ;  
And listen, listen till you hear  
His merry music ; sweet and clear  
It comes to all the faithful who  
Still listen as men used to do.

## BALLAD OF THE EPIPHANY

WHEN Christ was born in Bethlehem,  
Pan left his Sussex Downs,  
To see three kings go riding by,  
All in their robes and crowns ;  
And, as they went in royal state,  
Pan followed them, unseen,  
Though tiny tufts of grass and flowers  
Showed where his feet had been.

And when to Bethlehem they came,  
Birds sang in every tree,  
And Mary in the stable sat,  
With Jesus on her knee ;  
And while the oxen munched their hay,  
The kings with one accord  
Placed gold and frankincense and myrrh  
Before their infant Lord.

And when Pan peeped upon the scene,  
The Christ Child clapped His hands,  
And chuckled with delight to see  
The god of pasture lands ;

And Mary sang "*Magnificat* "

Above the kneeling kings,  
And angels circled overhead  
On rainbow-coloured wings.

And many a little singing bird  
Flew past the open door  
To hop and chirrup in the straw  
About the stable floor ;  
Wrens, robins, linnets, greenfinches,  
And many another one,  
Flew in to show good fellowship  
With Mary's newborn Son.

Then Pan stood up and played his pipes  
Beside the manger-bed,  
And every little bird went near  
And raised its faithful head ;  
And one, most beautiful to see,  
A fair and milk-white dove,  
Arose and hovered in the air  
To testify its love.

But when the kings looked up to find  
Who made the piping sound,  
They only saw white lilies shine,  
Fresh-gathered, on the ground ;

And through the doorway, and beyond,  
A shaggy wild goat leap ;  
And, in its gentle mother's arms,  
The Baby fast asleep.

## A LEGEND OF CHERRIES

NOW St. Joseph's cottage stood  
Close beside a cherry wood ;

And when all the trees grew red  
With their dangling fruit, 'tis said,

Jesus, at His mother's gown,  
Begged to have the branches down.

All in vain she made reply,  
*"Mother cannot reach so high,"*

For He begged them none the less,  
In His perfect childishness.

Joseph, in his workshop near,  
Heard the Babe, and would not hear—

Heard the Blessed Virgin say,  
*"Joseph, pull them down, I pray!"*

But he answered, with a frown,  
“ *Let His Father pull them down !* ”

Then, to Joseph's wonderment,  
Every cherry branch was bent ;

And Our Lady sweetly smiled,  
Picking cherries for her Child.

TROUT LEAPING IN THE ARUN  
WHERE A JUGGLER WAS DROWNED

HIS flesh and bones have long since  
gone,  
But still the stream runs gaily on,  
And still his merry ghost contrives  
To juggle with his silver knives.



IN THE RIPE OCTOBER AT  
STEYNING

SOME worship in St. Cuthman's church,  
And others in their various chapels,  
But we will worship by ourselves  
In orchards full of rosy apples.

For He who made their blooms in spring,  
And set them in the sunny weather,  
Now sweetens all their juiciness  
For us to feast on them together.

So, we will stay away from church,  
And pass the doors of all the chapels,  
And go and laugh and sing with Him  
Who loads our trees with rosy apples.

DISTANT TRAINS HEARD IN A  
SYLVAN SOLITUDE

I HEAR, as from deep sleep awaking,  
Discordant sounds that slowly cease—  
The waves of Civilization breaking  
Along the holy shores of Peace.

## COUNTRY INN SONG

O THE tap-room in the winter  
When the ground is white with snow,  
But the arbour in the summer  
When Madonna lilies blow !  
So, landlord, cool the cider, •  
And put rose-leaves in the beer,  
And we'll drink with any fellow  
Who will pay his footing here.

O a nightingale is singing  
In the lilac on the lawn,  
And we'll join him in his chorus  
Till the day begins to dawn !  
So, landlord, cool the cider,  
And put rose-leaves in the beer,  
And we'll drink with any fellow  
Who will pay his footing here.

O the moon lights up the lilies  
Through the blossoms on the lime,  
But the rising sun is better  
For a clock for closing-time !

So, landlord, cool the cider,  
And put rose-leaves in the beer,  
And we'll drink with any fellow  
Who will pay his footing here.

## AN ENGLISH SONG ABROAD

I HEARD Ben Jonson's "*Drink to Me  
Only*" sung  
At a Provençal dance,  
When the full moon paused, and hung  
Low over France  
Where fireflies sparkled in the air  
Between the vines,  
And red pomegranate blossoms seemed to  
share  
The sunset hue of rosy wines.

The song was sweet with all that I had  
known  
When I was still a lad,  
And left me all alone,  
Home-sick and sad :  
I was a stranger in a land  
Of alien mirth,  
Thinking how beautiful the white cliffs  
stand  
Along the loveliest shore on earth.

I longed to see my Sussex Downs again,  
To breathe the Sussex air,  
And see a Sussex lane,  
And all the fair  
Outspreading of the Sussex Weald,  
And hear the cry  
Of Sussex peewits in a Sussex field  
Beneath a clear blue Sussex sky !

MIDSUMMER SUNRISE  
IN THAKEHAM PINE WOODS

WHEN stars were fading overhead,  
And clouds were all a rosy glow,  
I found a magic path which led  
To Joyous Gard of long ago.

Pale tremulous mists were hurrying by,  
And blackbirds piping all about,  
As from the sun-awaiting sky  
The last bright star went slowly out.

And up a long, dark fir-tree aisle,  
A choir of silver birch trees stood  
In iridescent beauty while  
Enchantments came into the wood.

And memories made a picture there,  
And sunshine gave it life and sound,  
With fragrance heavy in the air  
From burnet roses on the ground.

And over glistening flowers and grass,  
And under boughs of oak and fir,  
I saw and heard a requiem mass  
For him who loved Queen Guenever.



## ALMOND BLOSSOMS

A ROSY cloud of the dawn I see  
Entangled there in the almond tree !

A SNOWFALL ON PLUM TREES  
AFTER THEY HAD BLOOMED

**I**T is, indeed, a pleasant thing to know  
Twice-flowering plum trees in my  
garden grow !

## ON HIGHDEN HILL

**W**HEN the winds have blown from  
the south,  
Between soft April showers,  
They have brought a taste to my mouth  
As of honey from distant flowers,  
With a sound to my ears as of one  
Singing beyond the sun ;  
And I, on the hill alone,  
Have covered my eyes, and known  
A sense of exquisite fear  
Of faces of angels near.

## THE ONLOOKER AT SOUTHWICK

I WATCH the children at their play  
Across the village green,  
Remembering they are now to-day  
What I myself have been.

They are the blossoms of the earth,  
The ripples of the sea ;  
And he who would discount their worth  
Is not the man for me.

They are the songs of all the birds—  
The songs of sweetest cheer ;  
And better songs with better words  
No man shall ever hear.

O lucky democrats of joy,  
I watch and envy you !  
But soon each happy girl and boy  
Must do as I now do.

If on some planet far away  
We are what we have been,  
I'll hope to go once more and play  
Out on a village green.

## A SUSSEX LEGEND

ABOVE the place where children play,  
A window opens, far away,  
For God to hear the happy noise  
Made by His little girls and boys.

TRAILING MISTS IN THE  
CUCKMERE VALLEY

**N**OR book nor toy nor jewel seems  
To please the lady of my dreams—  
O, if I could but take to her  
These veils of glistening gossamer !

## RYE

### I. THE ROSE TOWN

“**S***EE Rye, and die and go to Rye,*”  
Is what good folk in Sussex say :  
See Rye and live, and live in Rye,  
To me would seem the better way.

In many a town where I have been—  
And they, indeed, are not a few—  
I’ve said, “*You may be fair, and  
clean,  
But Rye is miles ahead of you !*”

All towns have lovers, I suppose ;  
And some have songs which praise them  
more ;  
But give me Rye, that’s like a rose  
Set on the grey-green Sussex shore !



*"See Rye, and die and go to Rye,"*  
Is what good folk in Sussex say :  
See Rye and live, and live in Rye,  
To me would seem the better way.

## II. THE DOORS OF HEAVEN

THE doors of Heaven are close to  
Rye—

That's one thing I do know ;  
And if I live there before I die  
I'll hope to find it so.

The doors of Heaven are close to Rye—  
The doors, and windows too ;  
And if I live there before I die  
I'll hope to find it true.

The doors of Heaven are close to Rye—  
How could they fail to be ?  
And if I live there before I die  
I'll hope for eyes to see.

But if ever I have the eyes to see,  
And should reach those doors above,  
I know I should only long to be  
Back down in the town I love.

### III. A LEGEND OF RYE

ABOVE this lovely, red-roofed town,  
The architects of Heaven looked  
down,  
And promptly altered all their plans,  
And built their homes like mortal man's.

TO ONE LONG ABSENT

EACH moment lingers for a year ;  
Each hour for centuries : I fear,  
If you return not soon, my friend,  
Time may exhaust itself, and end.

## BALLAD OF THE SORROWFUL SATYR

THE nymphs who dwell in Muntham  
Wood  
Have never heard or understood  
Why nothing seems to vex or please  
The satyr of the chestnut trees.

And now they shake their heads, and say,  
*"He bites crab-apples every day,  
To keep his ugly mouth awry  
When any tempting sweet goes by!"*

Once, long ago, a lovely queen,  
With white attending doves, was seen  
Cajoling him to smile again;  
But even that was all in vain.

And Pan himself has called in jest,  
*"Ho, ho! you have a lonely nest!  
Come, fellow! all the nymphs are fair;  
And love is welcome everywhere!"*

Now, where the tallest brackens grow,  
He crouches down, so still and low,  
That passing wags sometimes declare  
They only see a tree-stump there.

No other satyr used to be  
So full of laughing life as he ;  
His laughter was the merriest sound  
In all the sylvan glades around.

And none of all the goat-foot crew  
Such hedgerow-hidden byways knew,  
When, late at night, from field to field,  
They skipped across the moonlit Weald.

They often followed him for miles,  
Through gaps, and over gates and stiles,  
And past old manor-houses, where  
Suspicious watch-dogs sniffed the air ;

And down through empty village streets,  
Where yokels snored between their sheets,  
While rival cats made hateful sounds  
On their nocturnal meeting-grounds.

Sometimes an old grey church would show  
Its chancel windows all aglow

From red glass lamps, hung there alight  
Before the altar through the night.

Then, close together, they would creep  
And mount the window-sills, to peep  
And mark each aisle and pew and stall,  
And vaguely wonder at it all.

But when a fear of dead men's bones  
Came upward from the graveyard stones,  
A sudden swish of squeaking bats  
Would scare them off like frightened rats ;

And, helter-skelter, they would fly  
Away beneath the open sky,  
And never pause until they stood  
All safe and sound in Muntham Wood.

So, in that dream within a dream  
Where pagan gods are still supreme,  
The nymphs and satyrs live the life  
That knows no money-grubbing strife-

The life all mortals used to know  
In golden ages long ago ;  
The glad, free life of dance and song  
Before the days of right and wrong.

One night no fellowship could please  
The satyr of the chestnut trees ;  
And soon his nettled mates all went  
And left him to his discontent.

He moped awhile : then, with a shout,  
Turned his perverseness inside out,  
And blew his pipes, and played the clown  
Along the path to Shoreham town.

And soon, where sea-pinks edged the shore,  
He leapt upon the smooth sea-floor,  
And waved his arms, and clapped his hands,  
And danced a whirlwind on the sands.

The moon upon her lonely way  
Looked back to watch his boisterous play,  
And many a little twinkling star  
Looked down upon him from afar.

But none of all his kindred chanced  
To come upon him while he danced ;  
And, where he looked, there seemed to be  
No living creature in the sea.

At last he stopped ; the earth spun round ;  
Then, near a tamarisk bush, he found,

Close-nested in a samphire heap,  
A lovely mermaid, fast asleep !

His nut-brown eyes grew large and bright,  
And flashed and sparkled with delight—  
No milk-white nymph of Muntham Wood  
Had ever seemed to him so good !

O, white as blooms of hawthorn show,  
And delicate as wind-flowers blow,  
Was she as she lay sleeping there,  
With pearls entangled in her hair !

Beauty had ended every grace  
In the still wonder of her face ;  
And all fair faces he had known  
He worshipped in her face alone.

*“ Mine ; she is mine ! ”* he softly cried,  
*“ And I will carry her and hide  
Her safely in my foxglove bower  
Upon my heap of mint in flower ! ”*

And he could scarcely breathe, for fear  
Some other satyr might be near,  
As from her cold, green samphire bed  
He picked her up, and swiftly fled :



And swiftly up the slopes that lead  
To where the sheep in silence feed  
All through the night, he fled until  
He reached the top of Cissbury Hill :

And there great stag's-horn beetles went  
Whizz-buzzing off in wonderment ;  
But friendly glowworms bravely shone  
To guide his flying footsteps on.

And, as he came to Highdén coomb,  
Kind nightingales sang through the gloom  
To charm a snarling fox, who stood  
To watch him entering Muntkam Wood.

No nymph or satyr seemed about,  
And not one dryad peeped from out  
Low-hanging boughs, nor could he hear  
The sound of any piping near,

As to his favourite chestnut tree  
He took his treasure from the sea,  
And laid her in his foxglove bower  
Upon his heap of mint in flower.

And there, until the end of night,  
He leaned above her face so white,

Imagining what thoughts she kept  
Beneath her eyelids while she slept.

And when the sun began to spread  
The light of morning overhead,  
He never moved ; and through the day  
He never turned his eyes away.

But when the sun went down the west,  
And owls resumed their nightly quest,  
He sighed, and bowed his shaggy head  
Beside the fragrant mint-flower bed.

And, slowly, terror, dark and grim,  
Came, with the nightfall, over him :  
“ *Will you for ever sleep ?* ” he cried—  
“ *Awake, awake, my fair sea-bride !* ”

But no—her eyelids, whiter far  
Than buds of water-lilies are,  
Refused to let his love surprise  
The guarded secrets of her eyes.

Star after star came shining through  
Their fading deeps of cloudless blue,  
Till, glorious from her repose,  
The Queen of Night again arose.

Then, from beyond the swaying pines  
And trailing honeysuckle bines,  
He heard the distant seafolk call,  
“ *Bring back the fairest of us all !* ”

And every wind in passing by  
Left in his ears the far-off cry,  
“ *O, satyr of the chestnut trees,  
Bring back the flower of all the seas !* ”

And soon he heard the angry roar  
Of fierce waves breaking on the shore ;  
And louder, louder grew the sound  
In all the leafy world around.

“ *I dare not keep her here,* ” he sighed,  
“ *She sleeps, and will not be my bride—  
Ah, woe is me ; for her dear sake  
My heart for evermore must ache !* ”

And from his bed of mint in flower,  
And from his fragrant foxglove bower  
He carried her, who slept so well  
Beneath her strange, unearthly spell.

And no one saw or heard him go  
Along the wood, and out below

The oaks and elms, and through the coomb  
Between the flowering furze and broom,

And up the white chalk-tracks to where  
Thyme blossoms sweeten all the air,  
And raspberry canes to fruitage grow,  
Defying all the winds that blow.

And on, and on, with head low-bent,  
Past clumps of juniper he went,  
Till he beheld, along the sea,  
A white mermaiden company.

*"I bring your sister back," he cried ;  
"She sleeps, and will not be my bride :  
O, may some happier lover find  
Her not for ever so unkind !"*

And sadly, with reluctant hands,  
He placed her on the moonlit sands,  
And stood among the sea-pinks near  
Until he saw her disappear.

And as the water closed above  
The loveliness beyond his love,  
And crested waves arose and fell,  
He cried aloud, "*Farewell, farewell !*"

And soon, with all his fond hopes fled,  
With empty arms and downcast head  
He crept away, to come no more  
For dancing on the smooth sea-floor.

And often now when roisterers shout  
Through Muntham Wood, and round  
about,  
He goes where nightingales forlorn  
Sing with their breasts against a thorn.

And to this day his foxglove bower  
Enshrines a heap of mint in flower ;  
But none of all the woodfolk know  
The reason why he loves it so.

## A SUSSEX CALL-NOTE

COME, our old mate, come back to us  
again—

So long, so long, you leave us all forlorn !  
The hazel-nuts are slipping in the lane,  
Too ripe and sweet for any man to  
scorn—

Come, our old mate, we must and will  
complain !

We tapped some last year's cider yesterday ;  
To-morrow we shall thrash the walnut  
tree—

O, we will feast you, if you come this way,  
On custard pies, and cakes, and frumenty,  
And give you all our shares  
Of jellied quince, and luscious William  
pears !

We've never had such apples here before ;  
And plumper filbert-kernels never grew !  
And on the grape-vine by the garden door  
We still have left a goodly bunch or  
two—

Come, our old mate, for you is all our  
store !

For you the medlars soften, one by one,  
And frequently on fresh clean straw are  
laid ;

For you the bottled gooseberries are  
done,  
And currant 'wine and damson cheese are  
made—

We will not think it true  
That country sweets are no more sweet to  
you !

## THE FLIGHT OF SANDPIPERS

ABOVE Newhaven quay,  
A cloud came in from the sea  
To turn in the sun's bright shining  
And reveal its silver lining.



## ROMANY SONGS

### I. THE ANCESTRAL SECRET

**M**Y father and mother both hid from  
me  
The Wonderful Story of Rømany ;  
And my forehead was signed with the  
Christian sign  
To quiet this Romany blood of mine.

But the Bird of the Secret flew in from the  
wild  
And told me that I was a Romany child ;  
And my blood began dancing through  
every vein  
As the Wonderful Story grew mine again.

O I swear, by the crowns of the Wandering  
Kings,  
That my blood shall run true to the  
Ancient Things ;  
And the life I will live is the life of the free,  
For my heart is the heart of a Romany !

## II. KINGS OF THE ROAD

ON the day when the sun goes pop,  
And the earth is here no more,  
The Romany race may stop—  
But not one minute before !

They are native in every land ;  
And free as the winds are they,  
For God's is the only hand  
That can take their charter away.

## III. THE SONGS FROM BELOW

WHEN the forest paths are silent,  
And the moon is full and clear,  
The songs of Little Egypt  
Are the sweetest songs to hear.

I listen in the hollows,  
Where the shadows wrap me round,  
To the songs of Little Egypt  
Breathing softly from the ground.

#### IV. THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE

I LIVE in a house of four walls and a  
roof,  
And I keep from my Romany kindred  
aloof,  
For a fall-back am I from the Kings of the  
Road,  
And I dare not return to my ancient abode  
Out-of-doors.

I mope and I moil for my clothes and my  
bread,  
For a floor for my feet and a roof for my  
head ;  
But, O, I am proud of my kinsmen who  
roam  
Without any home, and yet ever at home  
Out-of-doors !

And now and again I am called, and I know  
Who is waiting, and where, and right  
gladly I go ;  
And I laugh and I drink and I dance and  
I sing,  
And my heart is as light as a bird's on the  
wing  
Out-of-doors !

## V. THE CALL OF THE BLOOD

FROM far-off hills and far-off plains  
A wild cry comes to me :  
“ *The blood of kings is in your veins—  
The kings of Romany !* ”

I hear a homing heron pass  
Along the moonless night ;  
I hear a hedgehog in the grass ;  
I see a glowworm's light.

I hear an owl's *tuwhit-tuwhoo* ;  
I hear a landrail creak ;  
I hear a dove, or pigeon, coo ;  
I hear a field-mouse squeak :

I see deft wires and springes set  
And marked by cunning hands ;  
I see the dusky princes get  
Their tribute from their lands ;

And all about the pleasant earth  
I see their camp-fires shine,  
And hear the songs of royal mirth  
That never may be mine.

From white chalk roads and green wood  
lanes

A sad cry comes to me :

“ *The blood of kings is in your veins—  
The kings of Romany !* ”

ALONE IN ST. CLEMENT'S CAVES  
AT HASTINGS

N O voice of man or beast or bird  
In this dark solitude is heard :  
So still it is, that, all around,  
The silence makes a mighty sound.

## WHEN LOVERS LOSE

WHEN lovers lose  
Sight, sound, and touch  
Of that which lent  
Them their encouragement,  
What should they choose  
To make amends for such—  
Should they with sighs and tears  
Tell out the lonely years ?

No : that would be  
Mere evidence  
To prove that they  
Are those who think they pay  
Love's golden fee  
With ordinary pence ;  
And have an owner's right  
To touch, and sound, and sight.

Oysters make pearls  
Of alien things ;  
In amber clear  
Dead insects still appear ;

Vainly to churls  
The gentle poet sings,  
But no wild flood can rise  
To drown the dove that flies.

In loneliness,  
God's listener hears  
The still small voice  
Whisper within, "*Rejoice ;  
You are not less  
To Me than all the spheres :  
The worm that haunts the grave  
Goes down to lift and save !*"

The tranquil pool  
A stone disturbs  
But faintly shows  
Its heed of him who throws  
To break the cool,  
Deep peace below the herbs  
And flowers and clustering sedge  
Of its encircling edge.

No single star  
May cease to shine  
Because the sun  
Is the prevailing one :



Their orders are  
To await the day's decline, '   
When darkness of the night  
Shall reinstate their light.

And where is set  
The sun-parched place  
A shower of rain  
Will not refresh again ?  
And where is yet  
The mighty conquering race  
Too strong to fail in breath  
Before the hush of Death ?

The little birds  
Have laws to keep,  
And sing in rhyme  
To God's appointed time ;  
And even herds  
Of cows, and flocks of sheep,  
Have known, since they began,  
Wisdom untaught by man.

And poppies know  
How, in the bud,  
To make a dress  
Of crimson loveliness ;

While lilies show  
How, from decay and mud,  
White purity may gleam  
On a polluted stream.

In God's employ,  
To God's own plan,  
Creation moves  
In its unchanging grooves ;  
And love and joy  
Are here for every man :  
A tiny ant may see  
More of this truth than we.

When lovers lose  
Sight, sound, and touch  
Of that which lent  
Them their encouragement,  
What should they choose  
To make amends for such ?  
*The silent winter prayer*  
*Trees pray when they are bare.*

## DAISIES IN THE 'GRASS

I WONDER what each steadfast eye  
Beholds while gazing at the sky.

## THE PLACE OF FAREWELL

### A SOUTH AFRICAN LEGEND

ONE lovelorn evening, long ago,  
A lover's tears bedewed the ground  
Where miners since have dug, and found  
Most precious diamonds below.

## THE FAITHFUL ROSE TREE

**E**NCHANTMENTS of the nightingale  
Shall not prevail  
To make my lonely heart disclose  
Another rose  
Until I hear my lover's voice  
Calling upon me to rejoice.

My brothers and my sisters stand  
On either hand  
Revealing unto sun and shower  
Flower after flower ;  
But I all blandishments disdain,  
Knowing my faith is not in vain.

Who is my lover ? Why has he  
So slighted me ?  
Ask on ; I will not answer you—  
But he is true !  
And that sweet wisdom is a part  
Of all the roses in my heart.

## A COW AT SULLINGTON

**S**HE leaves the puddle where she drinks,  
And comes toward the roadway bar  
And looks into our eyes, and thinks  
What curious animals we are !

## THE GREY DAY

**B**ECAUSE the sun had stayed so long  
In far, cloud-hidden places,  
The sunflowers quite forgot which way  
To turn their golden faces ;  
And all the garden seemed to wait  
In sympathy with their estate.

'Twas so until Cecilia from  
The terrace path descended,  
When every sunflower turned to her  
And found its trouble ended ;  
And all the garden seemed to know  
The queen of beauty walked below.

## THE SEVEN SISTERS OF BIRLING GAP

***W**HITE cliffs, white cliffs, how white  
you are above the sea !*

*White cliffs, white cliffs, how white you are  
below the sky !*

*Seven cliffs so white, so white between  
The sky so blue, the sea so green !*

At sunset, when the shore was free  
To rest from the unresting sea,  
I saw seven ladies come and go,  
Seven ladies walking to and fro.

Each time they passed me, hand in hand,  
I saw no footmarks on the sand ;  
They seemed to walk upon the air,  
Leaving no footmarks anywhere.

I watched them walking to and fro  
Until the dark began to grow ;  
And then, in silent beauty, they  
Walked out of sight across the bay.



*White cliffs, white cliffs, how white you are  
above the sea !*

*White cliffs, white cliffs, how white you are  
below the sky !*

*Seven cliffs so white, so white between  
The sky so blue, the sea so green !*

## BREAKERS AT BIRLING GAP

THE wild white horses of the sea,  
Held back from where they used to be,  
May yet escape from bit and rein  
To gallop over the Downs again.

## HOME FROM SEA

*Sailor John speaks—*

“ R OSES, tap her window-pane—  
Gwendolen, my dear !  
Roses, tap it once again—  
Gwendolen, Gwendolen !  
Your true love is waiting here,  
Gwendolen, my dear !

“ Roses round her window-pane,  
Softly, sweetly peep ! ”

*The Roses reply—*

“ *Sailor John, you wait in vain,  
She's asleep, she's asleep :  
Some one tells her every day  
All that you would say.* ”

*Sailor John speaks—*

“ Myrtles, tap her window-pane—  
Gwendolen, my dear !  
Myrtles, tap it once again—  
Gwendolen, Gwendolen !  
Your true love is waiting here,  
Gwendolen, my dear !

“ Myrtles round her window-pane,  
Softly, sweetly peep ! ”

*The Myrtles reply—*

“ *Sailor John, you wait in vain,  
She's asleep, she's asleep,  
With a gold ring on her hand :  
Now you understand.*”

CHURCH BELLS HEARD IN  
A STORM OFF SHOREHAM BAR

**T**HROUGH fitful gusts of wind and  
rain

I heard them faintly, sweetly ring—  
As if some door where angels sing  
Unclosed, to quickly close again.

## MILKING-TIME AT A WEALDEN FARM

COME, pretty Phyllis, you are late !  
The cows are crowding at the gate :  
An hour, or more, the sun has set ;  
The stars are out ; the grass is wet ;  
The glowworms shine ; the beetles hum ;  
The moon is near—come, Phyllis, come !

The black cow thrusts her brass-tipped  
horns

Among the quick and bramble-thorns ;  
The red cow jerks the padlock-chain ;  
The dun cow shakes her bell again ;  
And round and round the service-tree  
The white cow bellows lustily.

The wistful nightingales complain  
From bush to bush along the lane  
The stockdoves coo from fir to fir,  
And cannot sleep because of her :  
The eve-jars crake on every side—  
O Phyllis ! where do you abide ?

Now faeries, fays, elves, goblins, go  
And find out where she lingers so,  
And pinch her nose and chin and ears—  
Nor heed her cries, nor heed her tears—  
At any farm 'twould be a crime  
To be so late at milking-time !

## FEBRUARY SONG

YOUNG Spring begins to stretch  
himself—

I see his bedclothes moving ;  
So, now old Winter's on the shelf,  
We'll watch the days improving.

Both ice and snow begin to thaw,  
And streams begin to toddle,  
And many a tree begins to draw  
The ichor to its noddle.

And through the roots of flowers below  
There moves a sweet confusion,  
Which, snowdrops are the first to show,  
Will come to one conclusion.



MARCH MORNING SONG UNDER  
HER BEDROOM WINDOW

SPRING is in the air, my dear,  
Spring is in the air !  
A speckled thrush, high on his bough,  
Was first to break the news ; and now  
A shining blackbird screeches out  
To spread the tidings all about—  
Spring is in the air !

Love is in the air, my dear,  
Love is in the air !  
You're in your nightgown still, I see,  
And peeping round the blind at me ;  
While my poor heart goes pit-a-pat  
Just like a bird's that sees a cat—  
Love is in the air !

## SUSSEX THRUSHES IN APRIL

SUSSEX thrushes are great chaps !  
They sing the whole day long :  
In spite of all our dire mishaps  
They never stop their song ;  
And much of humour they display,  
And such a roguish eye,  
As, "*Dirty, dirty, dirty !*" they  
Continually do cry.

And when they step from bush or tree  
To take the sunny air,  
Their spotted waistcoats seem to me  
The very smartest wear ;  
Indeed, no dandy prince or peer  
Or leading actor shows  
More perfect taste, nor more sincere  
Self-conscious grace of pose.

The blackbirds envy them, I know,  
Because they never stay  
Where thrushes swagger to and fro,  
But always fly away ;

And yet, their glossy, well-cut coats,  
And golden beaks, are such,  
That all the Bank of England's notes  
For them would not be much.

THE GUELDER-ROSE TREE  
IN MOONLIGHT

NOW, who has hung my favourite tree  
With pom-poms of white silk for  
me?

## CUCKOO DAY IN SUSSEX

THE daybreak glimmers  
And shivers and shimmers,  
Shivers and shimmers in purple and gold  
Where the sun-horses chafe in the sun-  
god's hold  
Just over the eastern Downs,  
Till the flash of their bits and their harness-  
chains  
And the lightnings tied into their tails and  
manes  
Shoots over the Wealden towns,  
Shoots on to the Cowfold monastery spire,  
Shoots out to the sweeps of Chiltington mill,  
To Tennyson's windows on Aldworth hill,  
And the sky of the neighbouring shire.

Then Aurora, the sun's  
Rosy handmaiden, runs  
With a basket of fruit blossoms poised on  
her head—  
Green ones and pink ones and white ones  
and red—

And, with both hands uplifted, soon  
scatters them wide  
Through gardens and orchards on every  
side—  
Such abundance,  
Redundance,  
On every side,  
Of blossoms for apples and damsons and  
cherries,  
For currants and gooseberries, pears,  
plums, and strawberries,  
That many a labourer breaks into song  
For the wonderful fruit season coming  
along!.

And violets raise their fragrant heads  
To return sweet thanks for their winter  
beds ;  
And primroses look for the ministering  
bee ;  
And blackthorns bloom whiter than bygone  
snow ;  
And swallows skim in from across the  
sea  
To seek the old homes of their long  
ago :  
And folks declare  
That at Heathfield Fair

A hook-nosed hag,  
With her pate in a clout,  
Lets the cuckoo fly out  
From her fairing-bag ;  
But where she comes from, and where she  
    goes,  
Nobody knows, nobody knows.

And all the earth is glad once more,  
    And all the sky is blue ;  
And Youth is just as young 'as before,  
    And Love is just as true ;  
And boys and girls together sing,  
In a ring-o'-roses ring,           . . .  
*" March winds and April showers  
Bring forth May flowers ! "*

And here and there  
And everywhere,  
And over the hills and far away,  
The cuckoo calls throughout the day,  
*" Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! cuckoo ! "*

A KINGFISHER'S FLIGHT BY  
SHELLEY'S POND AT WARNHAM

ONE flash of blue, and all the sky  
Seemed, for a moment, passing by !



## THE WINCHELSEA EMBROIDERER

AT the open window of her room,  
She sews, with many-coloured threads,  
On milk-white linen, every bloom  
    She gathers from her garden-beds ;  
    With rows of minstrel chérubs' heads  
Above a Tyrian purple flame  
Which burns in circles round her name—

Her old Greek name, Persephone,  
    Enclosed with sacred vestal fire,  
And laughing cherubs ; each to be,  
    In turn, the leader of her choir ;  
    Each, with his dulcimer or lyre,  
To play to her old Eden airs  
Across her gay silk-sewn parterres.

Her head is bowed as angels may  
    Bow theirs to crystal arras frames ;  
Or over golden lutes, to play  
    For children fresh from Earth, whose  
    games  
Have still the old familiar names ;

Or in their reverence when they hear  
God's footsteps in the garden near.

I wonder, looking on her there,  
And looking in her pensive face,  
What lover may arrive, and dare  
The changing of this quiet place  
From all its old accustomed grace  
For her who now tells out the hours  
In her embroidering of flowers.

Solomon's seal, forget-me-not,  
Love-in-a-mist, and mignonette,  
And every blossom in the plot  
Of her most lovely sewing set,  
A thousand years may pass, and yet,  
Charmed by her hands, you still may show  
How flowers in threads of silk may blow.

## EARLY MORNING MEADOW SONG

NOW some may drink old vintage wine  
To ladies gowned with rustling silk,  
But we will drink to dairymaids,  
And drink to them in rum and milk—  
O, it's up in the morning early,  
When the dew is on the grass,  
And St. John's bell rings for matins,  
And St. Mary's rings for mass!

The merry skylarks soar and sing,  
And seem to Heaven very near—  
Who knows what blessed inns they see,  
What holy drinking songs they hear?  
O, it's up in the morning early,  
When the dew is on the grass,  
And St. John's bell rings for matins,  
And St. Mary's rings for mass!

The mushrooms may be priceless pearls  
A queen has lost beside the stream;  
But rum is melted rubies when  
It turns the milk to golden cream!

O, it's up in the morning early,  
When the dew is on the grass,  
And St. John's bell rings for matins,  
And St. Mary's rings for mass !

MOZART'S "ANDANTE FOR FOUR  
HANDS "

O WOULD I were a fowler kind,  
With nets of magic strings,  
That I might snare each note, and bind  
Its swift, far-flying wings !

## TANNHAUSER'S GADFLY

THE STORY OF AN OLD TRIPTYCH, PAINTED  
ON GILDED CHICKEN-SKIN

BEHIND the pilgrims' House of Rest,  
Where laurels made the terrace shady,  
I knelt and told my beads before  
The garden image of Our Lady.

Sometimes the June winds turned the leaves  
To let the sunshine light her face,  
While wrens and linnets never ceased  
Their sweet *Hail Marys!* round the  
place.

And peaceful beauty gave me there  
The healing touch of ancient kings,  
When, lo, beside Christ's mother stood  
A naked, laughing boy, with wings!

One hand held out a golden bow,  
The other held a golden dart,  
And there and then he aimed and shot  
The tiny weapon through my heart.

*I dropped my beads upon the grass,*  
Reproaching every bird that sang,  
And left the laurel-nestled shrine  
Just as the bell for vespers rang.

And when I met a certain maid  
I covered up my wounded breast,  
And passed the time of day to her  
More gaily than to all the rest.

And in the tavern cool and sweet,  
Where every ghost becomes a clown,  
I drank more wine and sang more songs  
Than any tippler in the town.

## SIR CHARLES OF HIGHDEN

**H**IS grave is under a big yew tree ;  
And now it may be known  
How kind he was to the brown-eyed  
boy

He used to meet alone—  
The brown-eyed boy he used to meet  
Alone on the lonely Down,  
When the sun was glinting the Channel  
sea,  
And the roofs of Worthing town.

There they together would crouch and  
watch

The distant ships go by,  
Till the setting sun made the clouds  
above

Like roses in the sky ;  
And many a tale of the Spanish Main  
The listening boy would hear,  
As the red cloud-roses died away,  
And the darkness-time drew near.



Then the man would bid the boy good-  
night,

And light his pipe, and go ;  
And the boy would sniff the fragrant  
smoke,

From the furze-hid path below,  
And wonder why it should smell so sweet,  
When the pipes of other men  
Smelt more like the tan-yard at Storrington,  
Or a Steyning market pen.

And then he would try to put sea-legs on,  
And walk with a sailor's stride  
Past the clump of trees on the crest of the  
hill,

And low on the other side  
Till he came to the thickets of raspberry  
canes

By the foss the Romans made,  
To guard their camp against Sussex men  
In the days when they felt afraid.

Then the hedgerow beyond would seem to  
be

Where the Jolly Roger flew ;  
And the air would be filled with the  
dreadful shouts

Of a cut-throat pirate crew ;

And men would pray, and women scream,  
As they walked the awful plank  
Above where boughs of juniper closed  
On the places where they sank.

But the boy would soon jump for joy to see  
A ship of the English fleet  
Come swiftly along from the Shoreham gap,  
And up from the Washington street ;  
And the pirates, drinking their horns of rum,  
Would be taken by surprise,  
And the English would hang them up in  
chains  
Before his very eyes.

And when the good English sailors cried,  
“ *Come here, my boy, come here  
And help yourself to the pirates’ gold  
That soon will disappear !* ”

They always laughed, both loud and long,  
As if at some royal joke,  
When he only asked for a golden pipe  
For his friend Sir Charles to smoke.

Then sailors and ships would vanish away  
In the dark of the hedgerow lane,  
And the old brown owl in the old thatched  
barn  
Would screech as if mad with pain ;

And the boy would rush to his own house  
door,

And his mother would start with fright  
To see such a little uncanny face  
Come in from the outside night. .

And once she said, "*You have been' with  
Sir Charles,*

*And I wish you wouldn't, my dear ;  
He comes from a stock both wild and  
strange,*

*And not very good, I fear—  
God knows it isn't for me to judge  
What the doings of men may mean ;  
But a mother knows when her little son  
Comes from where he shouldn't have  
'been.'"*

And, close beside him, she watched him eat  
His hunk of raisin cake,  
And sip warm milk from a black ware  
mug

Of the old-time Sussex ~~make~~ :  
And when he had finished, she took a  
lamp

And followed him up the stairs ;  
And sat in the chair beside his bed  
To hear him say his prayers.

And when she had carefully tucked him up,  
And kissed him and bless'd him so,  
He whispered, "*Dear mother, I love Sir  
Charles ;*

*Don't tell me not to go !*"

And then as she smiled and said, "*Very  
well,*"

He smiled his thanks back to her ;  
And when she had gone out of hearing,  
exclaimed,

*" Good night, and God bless you, sir ! "*

TO A THRUSH CRACKING A  
SNAIL'S SHELL

**I**T troubles me, my speckled friend,  
To know your voice, so sweet,  
Must, for its liquid notes, depend  
On such strange things to eat !

A CATERPILLAR'S APOLOGY FOR  
EATING A FAVOURITE GLADIOLUS

**C**ONFUSE me not with impious things ;  
But wait for the appointed hour  
When you shall see your vanished flower  
Reborn resplendent in my wings !

## TRIOLET OF A TROJAN .

### AFTER THE WOODEN HORSE INCIDENT

THERE sometimes comes to me a  
moment when

I'd like to stand behind myself, and kick !

I don't know how it is with other men :

There even comes to me a moment when

I'd like to stand quite near myself, and then

Throw straight at my own head a good-  
sized brick !

And every man should have his moments  
when

He'd like to stand behind himself, and  
kick !

## THE CRIME OF IMOGEN

"Fold down the leaf where I have left"

*Cymbeline*, Act II, Scene ii

O IMOGEN, you turned down leaves—  
A most disgraceful thing to do!

Books, have worse enemies than thieves.

O Imogen, you turned down leaves!

And every honest bookman grieves

That such a crime is laid to you.

O Imogen, you turned down leaves—

A most disgraceful thing to do!



LAMENT OF AN OLD SUSSEX  
HARVEST-BOTTLE IN THE  
BRIGHTON MUSEUM.

HERE in this case I stand for show,  
And never may be filled again  
With ale, to strengthen men who go  
To gather in the golden grain :  
O, pity me, in my distress  
Of dry and dusty emptiness !

I call to mind the shady nooks  
Where I was once the well-filled one,  
And long for all the thirsty looks  
Of reapers sweating in the sun ;  
While they who care not, stand and gape,  
Or talk of my " delightful " shape.

The man who made my belly round  
Might weep to see his bottle fail,  
But he is long since underground ;  
And lacks, like me, good Sussex ale :  
Both men and bottles, soon or late,  
Must reach their dry and dusty state.

## THE DEATH OF OPHELIA

“ *SWEET Robin is a dainty boy—*  
I knew it long ago :  
“ *Sweet Robin is my only joy—*  
And that is all I know.

My brother heard me say my prayers :  
My father told the queen :  
And I . . . he passed me on the stairs  
When I was dressed in green.

I hid behind the dead king's throne—  
His grave was deep, and long . . .  
“ *If sin it be to sleep alone,*  
*Pray ease me of my wrong !*”

I found a wall-tree apricot,  
As ripe as ripe could be ;  
And then he stole my honey-pot,  
That was so dear to me !

They reel with Rhenish late to bed :  
I tell my beads for hours.  
Red roses blossom overhead :  
Red roses fall in showers.

Nay, lords and ladies, do not jest ;  
I hear a passing-bell :  
“ *God, speed her soul to Mary’s breast,  
And then ’twill all be well !* ”

“ *And two at head, and two at feet . . .* ”  
The sky is far away . . .  
Blue violets die . . . and all so sweet . . .  
Ah, well ! . . . ah ! . . . weH-a-day !

FALLEN WILLOW LEAVES FLOAT-  
ING DOWN-STREAM AT STOP-  
HAM BRIDGE

THEY hurry, as we,  
To an unknown sea.

## SALATHIEL PAVY

WE know him of the Chapel Royal,  
And therefore of the stage,  
In that sweet century, that golden age  
Of perfect song, when men were loyal  
To lute and virginal, and caught, with ease,  
The lilt and liquid flow  
God's intimate poets of the trees  
Now only know.

He was an actor child, who played  
Old men so seeming true  
That Death was taken in, became afraid  
Of forfeiting a debt long due,  
And, heedless of the audience of the show,  
Rushed in upon the scene  
And claimed from him, whose years we  
know  
Were scarce thirteen !

Ben Jonson sang his funeral song—  
A song still wet with tears,  
Though he who sung it sleeps in dust along  
The passage of three hundred years.

Ben never sang with richer sweetness, nor  
To such a holy end  
As when he sang in sorrow for  
His little friend.

THE OLD "UMBRELLA FIR TREE"  
ON THE STEYNING ROAD FROM  
WASHINGTON

BESIDE this gnarled, distorted tree,  
My mother used to sing to me ;  
And still its scented branches make  
Soft, ghostly music for her sake.

## THE IDEALIST

**H**E looked so beautiful, and strong ;  
And in his voice some holy song  
Had left its golden tones :  
But as he stood, with Christlike grace,  
The red blood trickled down his face  
From well-aimed sticks and stones.

Spat on, and mocked, he never turned  
From those materialists who yearned  
To tear him limb from limb ;  
Though in his eyes the blood and sweat  
With every kind of road-filth met,  
And almost blinded him.

Pinned down by many ruthless grips,  
One great brute smote him on the lips,  
While others laughed aloud  
To see him slowly limp away,  
Half dead, but still with strength to say,  
“ *God bless you,*” to the crowd.



## A VOICE FROM A GRAVE,

O YOU of that footfall above-ground,  
pray listen to me !

Stop ! Are you a young man, a singer,  
with love in your eyes—

A young man, a singer, with pity and love  
in your eyes ?

I have waited and wearied for you, if at  
last you are he.

What singers are now in the world ? and  
what songs do they sing ?

Do they know that I sang—do they keep  
any song that was mine ?

Do they care that I sang—do they love  
any song that was mine ?

O, tell me now, young man, young singer,  
what news do you bring ?

## A GARDENER'S EPITAPH

(KILLED IN FRANCE, DECEMBER 1916)

**B**Y self and worldliness constrained,  
How often men have entertained  
An angel unawares !

And never more so than when he,  
For whom this epitaph is made,  
Worked here on earth with hoe and spade ;  
Loving a gardener's many cares  
With all humility.

So simple in his thought and taste,  
He harboured nothing that would waste  
Life's precious hours ;  
And in whatever garden path he trod,  
He seemed as one who walked and talked  
with God

Among sweet flowers ;  
And was of those who, in God's open air,  
Perceive the Sacramental Presence every-  
where,

Till they can look a lily in the face  
Without a fear of shame.

Frank Bush, his name;  
Thaxted, his dwelling-place.

God rest his soul, and take  
His wife and child in keeping for his sake

## A DEVONSHIRE EPITAPH

**H**E made, through shot and shell,  
His last advance,  
And bravely, nobly fell  
Somewhere in France.

Now we acclaim him through  
His native Devon  
A hero, staunch and true,  
Somewhere in Heaven.

## ELEGY FOR EDWARD THOMAS

(LATE LIEUTENANT, ROYAL GARRISON  
ARTILLERY)

SOMEWHERE within my brain is set  
A memory that I now forget ;  
A memory that was once the key  
To secrets now unknown to me.

Elusive as the unusual taste  
Persimmons give, or as the haste  
A particle of mercury shows,  
Now seems my soul in what it knows.

And worthy terms of love and praise  
For you, my friend of singing days,  
Go, like reflections from a pond,  
Or like horizons, yet beyond.

But as a little fledgling bird  
In its beginning hears the Word ;  
And as a barren almond rod  
Perceives the blossoming touch of God ;

And as a daisy's opening flower  
Springs from its root's subconscious power  
To fashion beauty as before,  
And raise it to the light once more,

So, where things unforgotten stay,  
Fair golden numbers have their way,  
And lift and bear their burden through  
With very tender thoughts of you.

The clods of battlefields are red  
With immortality : the dead  
In their magnificence arise  
To shine before us through the skies.

And miracles of heavenly mirth  
In all the trees and plants on earth  
Rebuke from every flower and leaf  
Man's vain impertinence of grief.

And feathered birds, and fishes finned,  
And clouds and rain and calm and wind,  
And sun and moon and stars, declare  
All life is one life, everywhere ;

That nothing dies to die for good  
In clay or dust, in stone or wood,  
But only rests awhile, to keep  
Life's ancient covenant with Sleep.

It seems, dear mate of lanes and fields,  
Death takes no more than what he yields ;  
For not one coin of Autumn's gold  
Is lost when Spring's account is told.

The lily pool which you and I,  
With Dyall and Davies, lingered by  
One quiet evening long ago,  
Is sprinkled now with blackthorn snow ;

And still the bright-eyed water-voles  
Come bravely from their mud-bank holes,  
And never doubt me as I stand  
To watch them from the beetling land.

And, once again, I seem to see  
You stoop beneath the service-tree,  
And then come back to us to twist  
A silvery slowworm round your wrist.

Much goes the same as when you made  
Cool drinks for us, and in the shade  
Behind your lilacs, filled the long  
June afternoons with whimsy song.

O, I could weep for bygone years !  
But memories grow too sweet for tears ;  
And that which was can never end  
While memories last, my gentle friend.

As from a chrysalis we see  
The lovely butterfly set free,  
From our dead bodies dead men's eyes  
May see our deathless souls arise.



## PALLIDA MORS

ON her cold, white bed,  
May is lying . . . dead.

“*My May,*”  
I have often said.

Now her soul has fled  
Away ;  
And I can but spread  
Violets round her head  
To-day.

Everywhere to-day  
I can hear her say,  
“*Dear love,*  
*I have flown away*  
*Like a homing grey*  
*Ring-dove.*”

Kneel with me, and pray  
God to bless my May  
Above.

## THINGS ONCE SHARED WITH ANOTHER

WHITE cliffs above a foam-flecked  
sea ;

Old avenues of flowering limes ;  
Old sun-dials ; jasmin-scented tea ;  
Old long-case clocks with mellow chimes ;  
The first awakenings of Spring ;  
The wistful thoughts old memories bring :  
Rock-crystal images ; black pearls,  
And veils of Hindu dancing-girls ;  
Old pleasure fairs on village greens ;  
The singing haunts of nightingales,  
And fortunes told by gipsy queens,  
And Chaucer's " Canterbury Tales " :  
*Shadow of shadows, these we shared.*

The beauty of a sea-gull's flight ;  
The crescent moon ; wave-rippled sand  
The wonder of a glowworm's light ;  
Old South Down dew-ponds ; well-  
ploughed land ;  
Primroses, fresh from passing showers ;  
Catalpa groves ; blue chicory flowers ;

A fountain glistening in the sun,  
And junkets stirred with cinnamon;  
A vixen and her cubs at play;  
White birch-tree woods; a clover field,  
And adders stowing their young away,  
And sunset clouds across the Weald:  
*Shadow of shadows, these we shared.*

A frosty sky close-packed with stars;  
Old flag-stoned courts where lilacs blow;  
Old lemon-yellow porcelain jars;  
The moonshine songs of old Li Po;  
Old well-heads from old Umbrian wells;  
Old tiny brass pagoda bells;  
Old Japanese kaleidoscopes,  
And ikons bless'd by Russian popes;  
Old egg-shell china, light as air;  
Old Persian mats; old Spanish fans;  
And jugs of old black Sussex ware,  
And old pibrochs of Scottish clans:  
*Shadow of shadows, these we shared.*

Fritillaries in old Oxford fields;  
Elizabethan lutes and songs;  
Old gargoyles; old heraldic shields;  
Old Irish harps; old Burmese gongs;  
A harvest wagon piled with sheaves;  
The silvery skeletons of leaves;

Old miniatures ; old silhouettes,  
And old Castilian castanets ;  
Old green-glaze pitchers ; trellised vines ;  
Owls hooting in old trees at dusk,  
And Sussex mead and home-made  
wines,  
And garden darkness sweet with musk  
*Shadows of shadows, these we shared.*

Old tapestries ; old inlaid swords ;  
Old chapels where dead kings repose ;  
Old virginals ; old clavichords ;  
Old Punch and Judy puppet-shows ;  
June nights in deck-chairs on the lawn,  
The expectant hush before the dawn,  
The sudden chorus of the birds,  
And distant sounds of flocks and herds ;  
Street walks to see strange faces pass ;  
The ritual play of pompous creeds,  
And dear Walt Whitman's "Leaves of  
Grass,"  
And Pan-pipes made of Sussex reeds :  
*Shadow of shadows, these we shared.*

Great antlers dropped by lordly stags ;  
Tipteerer plays ; old roadside inns ;  
Dried lavender in silken bags ;  
Old water-mills ; old violins ;

Old straw-thatched roofs ; deep window-  
seats ;

An Epstein bronze ; the odes of Keats ;  
Yew hedges cut in antic shapes,  
And English hot-house pines and grapes ;  
Old Norman keeps ; old Gothic aisles ;  
    Old ivory masks ; New Zealand jade,  
And floors of clear blue lustre tiles,  
    And echoes in a hollow glade :  
*Shadow of shadows, these we shared.*

Old Sussex iron basket-grates ;  
    Snapdragons in old crannied walls ;  
Crown Derby cups ; old Swansea plates ;  
    Welsh mountain pools and waterfalls ;  
The poise of hawks above their prey ;  
The skirl of bagpipes far away ;  
A garden tent of Shantung silk,  
And bowls of fruit-juiced buttermilk ;  
Alaska totems ; South Sea gods ;  
    A dulcimer with silver strings,  
And fragrant popping balsam-pods,  
    And old Hungarian peasant rings :  
*Shadow of shadows, these we shared.*

Blue butterflies ; a tulip tree ;  
    Canadian maples turning red ;  
Attar of roses ; pot-pourri ;  
    A lily-of-the-valley bed ;

Train-glimpses of Provençal farms ;  
Old Chinese amulets and charms ;  
Swans sailing up a meadow stream,  
And strawberries dipped in clotted cream ;  
A necklace that was Li Hung Chang's ;  
    Fires on the hearth ; warm ingle-nooks,  
And old Australian boomerangs,  
    And pictured maps and herbal books :  
*Shadow of shadows, these we shared.*

Tear-bottles from Egyptian tombs ;  
    Conch shells that bring the ocean near ;  
Gold lacquer screens ; oak-panelled rooms ;  
    Quaint Christmas carols ; Christmas  
    cheer ;  
Spires tipped with gilded weather-vanes ;  
Bell-horses heard in Sussex lanes ;  
Cloud-shadow chasing on the Downs,  
And jokes of travelling circus clowns ;  
Carved amethysts ; cornelian seals ;  
    Old gate-leg tables ; wheel-back chairs,  
And old Tibetan praying-wheels,  
    And gay old English dancing-airs :  
*Shadow of shadows, these we shared.*

Clothes smelling sweet of orris-root ;  
    Rooks cawing round far up the sky ;  
A quince tree with its golden fruit ;  
    A darting emerald dragon-fly ;

Shy rabbits peeping from their holes ;  
The pretty ways of water-voles ;  
Madonna lilies set in tubs,  
And brandy-snaps with sillabubs ;  
Delphiniums ; fuchsias ; hollyhocks ;  
The laughter of a happy boy,  
And gaged white linen Sussex smocks,  
And hazel-nuts, and travellers' joy :  
*Shadow of shadows, these we shared.*

Icelandic sagas ; cattle runes ;  
Sunk gardens ; old lead lotus tanks ;  
Old epitaphs ; old ballad tunes ;  
Old cedar trees ; soft mossy banks ;  
Still days on lonely upland moors ;  
Low tides on moonlit Sussex shores ;  
Harebells on sunny Downs and crofts,  
And apple feasts in stable lofts ;  
A cowslip ball ; a daisy chain,  
And aspens mimicking the rain ;  
Flips ; possets ; marchpane ; simnel cakes ;  
Pears ; peaches ; mulberries ; greengage  
plums,  
And pies with pastry all in flakes,  
And peonies, and chrysanthemums ;  
Green figs ; green almonds ; crusted  
port,  
And crocus-time at Hampton Court ;

Old milking-songs ; old spells for churns ;  
Wild orchids ; pasque-flowers ; hart's-  
tongue ferns ;  
Old drinking-horns with amber rims ;  
Old Coptic chants ; old vesper hymns ;  
White roses on King Charles's Day,  
And skylarks singing overhead,  
And garlands on the First of May,  
And curious talks about the dead :  
*Shadow of shadows, these we shared.*



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